

A LOCK OF HAIR.

The city of Megara lay smiling in the summer sun. Its marble palaces, its tall columns, its towers and turrets were gay with flowing plume and flag, for it was a feast day. The sun had been up only an hour, but already the streets were swarming with children, who had risen early to gather flowers to decorate the temples. Soft laughter rose on the fragrant air, and locks of trouble were for the time cast aside.

Could one conceive of a more peaceful and contented people? Yet sincere as their happiness was now, it was only as a ray of broken light streaming through a rift in the dark clouds.

For Megara was besieged and the camp of the enemy lay just outside the walls of the city. A truce had been declared that the people might celebrate their holy rites to the gods.

And so, grateful for the lull in the strife which for six months had borne heavily upon them, the people threw care to the winds and put all their hearts and souls into the pure pleasure of this one blessed day. They heeded not that this reprieve was but the false hope sent by a cruel fate and that the darkest hour of their trial was coming swiftly on silent wings.

The people now passed in throngs, all gayly attired in their holiday clothes, which for months had been put aside. It was time for the ceremony of sacrifice, and the young maidens, dressed in spotless white, with white flowers entwined in their locks and trailing over their flowing robes, looked like seraphs, with their young faces all aglow with holy enthusiasm.

On a smooth, rolling plain, covered with its natural carpet of green and dotted with flowers which seemed like a sprinkling of sunbeams, the altar had been erected. The procession formed slowly, the white-robed maidens coming first, chanting and swaying slightly to an easy dancing step. Then followed the youths of the kingdom, their boyish voices taking up the strain of the maidens, swelling it louder and rolling it over the long ranks.

When these had formed a circle about the altar, a long avenue was laid clear, and then the glory of the procession came into view. Six tiny maidens, clad in rainbow hues, held in their hands masses of flowers entwined about ribbons and leading by them a snow white bull. Its horns were like ivory and shone in the sunlight. No flower or ornament was needed to add a charm to the perfect animal.

Walking beside it, her arms thrown carelessly around its neck, was the pride of the kingdom, Scylla, the king's daughter. She was tall and slight and as graceful as a reed. Her dark hair hung about her in luscious coils and swept over the back of the bull. Her robe was of cloth of gold, and deep purple amethysts fastened its folds and glistened from her black hair. Other ornaments she had none.

Closely following her was Nisus, the king, surrounded by his guards. He, like his daughter, was tall and dark, with the same kind of hair, except that one lock, falling over his shoulder, shone purple, like the light from her amethysts.

No wonder the daughter loved the purple stone, even as Nisus treasured the purple lock, for it reflected the light from that lock on which depended the safety of the country.

The children led the bull to the altar. Scylla stood beside it, till the king approached with the gleaming knife. Then, with a low cry, she threw her arms about the creature's neck, and pressed a kiss on its white face. But her grief did not interrupt the ceremony, and the sacrifice was made.

When Scylla reached home, she went up into the high tower of the palace, from which she could look down over the whole city and beyond it. Outside the walls she saw, as she had seen for the last six months, the camp of King Minos of Crete, and beyond the wide plain the ocean stretching out, out, to liberty.

Scylla felt like a bird in a gilded cage. As she looked down over the camp and watched the tents a figure issued from one of them. During the whole time of the siege she had watched the enemy from the tower, and had learned to distinguish the officers by name. And he who now emerged from his tent was no other than King Minos himself.

It was as if she knew him from the others, for, tall as they were, he overtopped them all, as a great oak in the midst of a beech grove. Then, too, his bearing was that of a conqueror. His noble brow revealed a character grand, good and just. In fact, the king was what a king should be, and when, dressed in his flowing purple, he rode his white horse, he had all the charms that a knight could wish to win a fair lady's heart.

And Scylla looked till he passed from her view, as she had done every time she had seen him.

Then wild thoughts coursed through her excited brain. How cruel a war was, yet she blessed this war that brought Minos to her sight. But how terrible it should be killed. Oh, if only peace might be had, she would have offered herself as a hostage.

Then came the wild thought of delivering the city up. She could easily do it, but one obstacle was in her way. The fates had decreed that so long as the purple lock remained on her father's head the city should stand. It needed but that she should remove it and all would be well, for surely Minos would be grateful to her and she would be happy.

And then came the thought of that father's shame and degradation, but only for a moment, as one thought after another coursed through her mind. She felt that she could pass through fire and water to serve Minos, get that was not needed. Another woman would dare do such, and could any one dare more than she?

Then the victory was won, but not on the side of duty. And only then, when she had fully determined on her plan did the final peace rest.

That night she arrayed herself in her richest robes. Never had she looked more beautiful. The graces themselves might have envied her. And Nisus smiled a welcome to his daughter as she entered the banqueting hall. All traces of her grief at the sacrifice had disappeared, and the king was glad.

Scylla suffered all his attention and endearments, but hurried to her apartments as soon as she could. She feared lest her resolution might weaken and so her happiness be forever lost.

How many of us have stood in a like

position, with all the seasons for and against our actions crushing us down, our life and death in the balance, which a breath could give or take!

It was after the midnight watch had been called and the palace was sunk in slumber that a figure enveloped in a dark cloak glided through the wide corridor to the king's apartments. At the door a challenge rang out, but a moment later the sentinel knelt and the princess passed in to her father.

Nisus slept, and the daughter slowly approached his couch. How noble he looked, but the girl stole her heart against him!

A moment later the dark figure fled down the corridors as it had come, but a gleam of triumph shone from the eyes and love and victory struggled for mastery in the countenance. And the king slept on, but the purple lock had left his head forever!

So Scylla went through the dark city and left it behind her as she passed the wall through a secret gate. Swiftly she entered the camp of the enemy and demanded to see King Minos.

When the king beheld her, he thought so lovely a woman had never before walked the earth, but when holding out the purple lock she said that she gave up her city, her father, herself, he spurned her from him.

"Shall Crete," he cried, "where Jove himself was cradled, be polluted by this monster? Infamous woman, begone and may neither land nor sea afford thee a resting place!"

"Alas!" cried Scylla. "For thee have I given up everything! Ay, I am deserving of death, but thy hand should not be the one to deal the blow!"

But Minos would have nothing to do with her, and the next morning, giving orders that equitable terms should be allowed to the vanquished city, he sailed away with his fleet.

As the ships were departing Scylla jumped into the sea, and grasping the rudder of the vessel that conveyed Minos was carried along with it till an eagle, into which her father had been changed, darted down and pecked at her with its beak and claws. Scylla cried for mercy, and some pitying deity changed her into a bird.

And to this day the eagle pounces upon the gull, ever seeking vengeance for the old crime.—Virginia Horton in Philadelphia Times.

Eighteenth Century Children.
A book published in 1798 lays down rules for children's behavior and gives an idea of what was considered proper deportment for boys and girls in the early part of the last century. First, of behavior at home. Children must always bow on returning home; they must never be covered in the house; they must not sit down without permission; they must never address their parents without a title of respect, as sir or madam; they must not approach their parents or elders without a bow. Next, of behavior at table. They must not sit down till they are bidden, nor till grace is said, nor must they ask for anything, or help themselves, or speak at table, or look at others eating. Thirdly, of behavior in company. They must enter the room with a bow; they must not speak till they are spoken to; they are not to cross their legs or sit with their knees wide; they are not to laugh loud, but silently smile; they are not to point or bow or to interrupt.

Finally, the American youth of today "silently smiling" if anything struck him as being funny and think of our infant terribles waiting until they are spoken to before they address their elders. It is just as well that the good old author of this book is dead; he would be so dreadfully unhappy by this century's children.—Chicago

PROMINENT PEOPLE SCALDED.

The Wreck on the B. & O. at Tunnelton a Serious One.

WHEELING, Sept. 28.—United States Marshal Gardner, Secretary of State Olney and state librarian, Miss Mary L. Dountain of West Virginia were seriously hurt in the wreck on the B. & O. at Tunnelton. A half dozen others were injured, but not seriously.

The accident occurred at the east end of Kingwood tunnel, and was caused by the engine of the train mistaking the light and being unable to observe the danger signal on account of the smoke beating down from train No. 4. At this point a single track runs through the tunnel, and before train No. 4 had gotten off the single track on the east side of the tunnel the west-bound train arrived. Its engine struck the smoker of train No. 4, without doing serious damage. The smoker, then landed up against the ladies' coach, knocking it partly over and lodged in the front end of the fore sleeper. The check was knocked off the boiler of the engine, causing the steam to escape and scalding some of the passengers.

Old Holds Bolice at Bay.

PERKY, O. T., Sept. 28.—Near Sweeney's bridge in the Kickapoo country John Jacobs, a Kickapoo, was shot and killed by a man who brought Minos to her sight. But how terrible it should be killed. Oh, if only peace might be had, she would have offered herself as a hostage.

Then came the wild thought of delivering the city up. She could easily do it, but one obstacle was in her way. The fates had decreed that so long as the purple lock remained on her father's head the city should stand. It needed but that she should remove it and all would be well, for surely Minos would be grateful to her and she would be happy.

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HER HUSBANDS.

(Copyright, 1895.)

My father is old, and he has a second wife. Yes, married my second husband's daughter. I suppose you have heard of my second husband? Mr. Barker had nothing in the world but a daughter, who came to live with us after we were married, and Barker in sewing. I never would have married Mr. Barker if he hadn't been so kind to me. He loved me—oh, yes, he really loved me. I often wonder why so many men have loved me, because I was always plain and never really well in my life, but I have had better chances to marry well than girls who were pretty.

"What was the trouble with Mr. Barker?"
"Drink. Between his treatment and the dressmaking I thought I would go blind and crazy. At last George—you remember George, my first husband's child, Cousin Martha—and I must get a divorce from Mr. Barker. May, my stepmother, said it was shameful the way that her father treated me. She is 18 years younger than I am, but surely no woman ever had a better stepmother, and we just got on as usual. I don't suppose I ought to say anything against the place, because it certainly saved my life.

"I came here to a little house in the yard and takes me with them. Now I am standing here on my head. While she goes to look at the weather. My leaves are crushed in the cruelest way. There's an end on my opening page. And I would not live with Miss Nancy Gay. Though I shouldn't be read for an age.

I am the book that Nancy wore last night at her birthday feast. I am the book that Nancy wore in seven years. My buttons are scattering far and near. My trimming is torn to rags. And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear I'd dress her in calico bags.

Which these things were brought to her view. All of us ought to be pointed red. And some of us are true. We splinter and mangle and snarl and snap. We splinter and mangle and snarl and snap. And if she'd meet with some sad mishap Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

His Aggravating Nickname.
The disadvantage of having a nickname applied in early youth was never better illustrated than by the experience of the boy who was known in the White House as seven years ago as "Baby" McKee. He is now a resident of New York city and is a stout youngster of nearly 19, with a great fondness for baseball and other athletic sports, and Golden Days says his father, who is a well-to-do man, and who has been as pleasant as that of any other boy of that age were it not for the infantile nickname, which clings to him like an incubus. On all occasions his playmates call him "Baby," and even his elders sometimes half heartily echo the appellation.

But by far the most galling part of the business is that people all over the country seem to ignore the flight of time and keep sending him gifts only fitted for the nursery. Dolls, rattles, rubber rings and high chairs are among the things that he receives, and it is hinted that he handles them anyway but gently in his wrath. It is not impossible that the name will cling to him until his death, and all because a newspaper writers chose to saddle him with a nickname.

The Lady of the Woods.
Because of the grace, slightness and elegance of its figure the birch tree has been well named the Lady of the Woods. Though not much used in the timber trade, it is nevertheless employed in a variety of other ways. The birch bark canoe of the red Indian has never been surpassed in boats of this class. The silver stem of the birch has been tapped for its sap, from which a wine has been made. Beer has been brewed from its tender shoots, and tea has been prepared from its leaves. There is starch enough in its bark to form a rude kind of bread for the semi-civilized folk in the far north. It yields an oil which gives to Russian leather its agreeable odor. In Russia they use the wood for roofing, boxes, jars, shoes, carriages, furniture and spoons, of which last named article as many as 100,000 are made annually of its branches. Excellent brooms are made of its twigs, as many a boy can tell, having often figured in what has been called "a bad quarter of an hour." Indeed does not "to birch" mean "to chastise?"

Everything Must Have a Beginning.
An owl sat in a ivy bush and a half fledge bird was here. With wings that hadn't been used as yet and eyes that could scarcely see, but he pulled his feathers and drew a breath, as he'd watched his parents do. And with feeble note, in the ivy bush, he hooted: "One-whit! One-whit!"

A nightingale perching close at hand was shocked by the owl's song.
"Oh, dear!" cried the nightingale, "you've got it entirely wrong. Your relations always say 'Two-whit' and then a 'Two-whit' comes pat. For your 'Two-whit' is a nightingale's note, 'You must be on the watch.'"

The owl sat in his ivy bush and as angry bird was he.
"You goose of a nightingale," he hooted, "you're very unfair to me; you ought to be in an ivy bush, where I should be at a rising star; I shall doubtless warble 'Two-whit' One-whit' when I've learned to count as fast."

DRIVE TO CONGRESS LAKE.
A merry party of Massillonians, comfortably installed in Cramer's brake, drove into Canton Saturday evening, and with a blare of trumpets and shouts of joyous laughter, carried off some of Canton's society people to Congress lake.

The evening was delightfully spent. Those who composed the company were: Misses Russell, Burman, Wales, Corns, Karthaus, of Massillon; and Miss Gillespie, of Philadelphia, Pa.; and Miss Mary Harter, of Canton; and her guest, Mrs. James, of Boston; Misses, Clarence McLean, Fannie Hunt, Arvine Wales, W. L. Waverly, and Robert Day, Massillon; Messrs. Ralph Ambler and Gordon Mather, of Canton; Mr. J. Preston, Pitts-

THE SENATE OUTLOOK.

Need of Hearty and United Action Among Democrats.

The democrats of New York should do something to help assure a democratic majority in the United States senate. When that body meets in December will be made up of forty-three republicans, thirty-eight democrats and seven demagogues and republican populists. The condition of parties may remain until 1897, when the successors to twenty-nine senators will be chosen. Of these twenty-nine twelve are now republicans, fourteen are democrats and three are populists.

It is safe to assume that ten of the states now represented by republicans will be held for that party, and that they may gain three senators from states now held by populists and one from the democrats. That will give them fourteen of the new senators.

On the other hand, should the democrats secure the Utah senators and hold New York and Ohio they would have sixteen of the new senators in 1897. If Nevada remained a strict silver state and its new senator insisted upon standing out with Stewart, the populists in the senate would be but three in number—Allen, of Nebraska; Stewart and Jones—if Jones insisted upon returning from Nevada. It appears to be possible that in 1897 the senate may stand forty-five democrats, forty-one republicans and three independents.

If New York state is thrown away to the republicans, the chance of making the above showing better will be gone. It is for the democrats of Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, North Carolina and Utah to work out the advantage of the party in those states. New York democrats who can appreciate the importance of having control of the senate of the United States, particularly in the possible event of a change of administration, will need but little urging to impress upon them the supreme need of united and hearty action this year and next.—N. Y. Times.

THE GOLD RESERVE.
A Protectionist Method of Increasing the Revenue.

Certain protectionist leaders who are looking forward to tampering with the tariff during the coming session of congress are endeavoring to revive the theory that an increase of revenue is all that is needed to maintain the gold reserve. This is a fallacy unless we assume that the increase is so great as to carry with it all the dangers of a large surplus. The revenue from the customs and internal receipts is now coming into the treasury at a rate which if maintained throughout the year will leave but a trifling deficit on June 30, 1896, but it will require an enormous increase of taxation to pile up a surplus sufficient to protect the treasury from any possible demand for gold. It will be necessary in order to put off this demand to look up the enormous deficit in the treasury which has been caused by the government, and which amounts to four hundred million dollars, or about three hundred and fifteen million dollars in excess of the present treasury balance. The cash now on hand is ample for the ordinary purposes of the treasury and will not be materially reduced during the present year. The revenue from June 1 to June 30, 1896, will be about \$100,000,000, including Sundays and holidays, or at the rate of three hundred and sixty-five millions per annum. This will more than cover the ordinary expenditures and would be ample to protect the treasury but for the "endless chain" of greenbacks which draws out the gold. Protectionist leaders can hardly hope, however, that the people can be induced to look with favor upon a proposition to increase the taxes to a point high enough to accumulate a four hundred million dollar surplus as the best possible means of solving the currency problem.—Detroit Free Press.

PRESS OPINIONS.
—Ill fares the land, to threatening bills a prey, where wealth wins victories for men like Quay.—Chicago Tribune (Rep.).

—Cleveland, it will be noticed, is not declining a third term before anybody with the authority to do so has offered it to him.—Chicago Record (Ind.).

—Democratic newspapers sympathize with their republican contemporaries in the sorrow they manifest over the fact that the hard times did not last another year.—Des Moines Leader.

—When anybody suggests that Harrison ought not to be nominated because one term as president is all any man should have, the sonorous voice of McKinley can be distinctly heard coming from the "amen" corner.—Madison (Wis.) Journal.

—Benjamin Harrison says that he does not think "he is the man to lead the republican party next year." Reed, McKinley and Allison are in full accord with this opinion—the first time either of them ever was in agreement with Harrison.—Chicago Chronicle.

—When the present tariff bill was adopted the republican prophets predicted the utter ruin of the country. Now that the wages of fully one million workers have been raised under it, and prosperity is steadily reviving, they resort to the falsehood that it is all due to the fact that the Wilson bill was modified.—Nashville American.

—The American Protective Tariff league has been engaged in inquiry about wages to secure evidence that the Wilson tariff law is injuring the country. It is getting replies that do not give much encouragement to the agents of protected interests. Here is a reply from the Doe river woolen mills at Elizabeth, Tenn., which the proprietors sent to a New York newspaper with this opinion: "The information may not be suppressed from the public. It is as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: In answer to your circular and cards, will say we are paying the same price for raw wool as we did in 1890—that is in dollars and cents—and at the same time our hands are buying forty per cent more with the same money than they did in 1890. We have all the protection we want in free wool."

—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

EXPOSITION EXCURSION.

REDUCED RATES TO PITTSBURGH VIA PENNSYLVANIA LINES.
On Thursday, Sept. 19th and 20th, Oct. 3d, 10th and 17th, excursion tickets to Pittsburgh, account the Exposition, will be sold at \$2.30 round trip for all regular trains via Pennsylvania line, and for those dates. If the excursion rate includes admission to the exposition and tickets will be good returning two days from date of sale. For tickets and time of trains apply to G. W. Irwin, Ticket Agent.

"Notice of Protest" blanks, 10 cents per dozen, at the News-Democrat office.

FREEDOM THE SLOGAN.

Irish Form a National Alliance at Chicago.

DEFIANT PLATFORM ADOPTED.

Lyman of New York Made President and Other Officers Chosen—Delegates With Experience in Military Affairs Hold a Conference Behind Closed Doors.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—The Irish convention in this city has resulted in the organization of the Irish National Alliance.

Its object is the securing of the independence of Ireland by any means within its power consistent with the laws and usages of civilized nations.

The qualifications for membership shall be good moral character, birth on Irish soil, or descent from Irish parents on paternal or maternal side of both, and the taking of the following pledge of honor:

"I, hereby pledge my word of honor to aid by every means within my power in conformity with the constitution and bylaws of the Irish National Alliance in securing the independence of Ireland."

The officers are as follows: President, William Lyman, New York; vice president, O'Neill Ryan, St. Louis; treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, Chicago; executive council—J. Donovan, Lowell, Mass.; Chris. Gallagher, Minnesota; Martin Kelly, Tennessee; Captain Francis, Wisconsin; J. Sheehy, San Francisco; J. M. Kennedy, Anconada, Mont.; Thomas J. Donohoe, Thomas, Pa.; Greeney, Pennsylvania, and James Lawlor of Texas.

A conference has been held at McCoy's hotel of the delegates who have had experience in military affairs. This meeting was held behind closed doors, and all inquiries as to the methods of organizing the military arm of the Alliance were met by the response that the officers are working on the subject.

The platform reads as follows: The people of Ireland are a sovereign people, Ireland is by nature separate from every other country and liberty is the birthright of her people. Ireland was known throughout Europe as a nation long before the dawn of Christianity, and was the home of civilization, while England was still barbarous.

England's claim to authority in Ireland originated in force, and is now maintained by corruption and coercion. They have never ripened into a right to rule; the title by conquest has never been perfected inasmuch as the Irish people have continuously constituted an independent revolutionary movement resisted England's power and endeavored to destroy her unlawful supremacy.

Ireland is deprived of almost every civil right, which legal manhood people most deeply cherish. Unexampled cruelty and brutal vindictiveness have been the distinguishing features of English rule in Ireland. England has destroyed Ireland's industries, ruined her commerce, she has placed upon her statute books laws making it a crime to educate an Irish child; burned Ireland's schools and destroyed her churches; she has driven into exile her best men and women, thousands of men whose only crime was love of Ireland. Every measure for the last century looking toward legislative independence of the Irish people has been rejected by the English government, or been arbitrarily rejected by the lords. England has violated every treaty and broken every pledge and with almost every year of the century she has imposed upon the land brutal laws of coercion and one of the most drastic character is now upon her statute books.

To the pleas of the people for justice and their prayers for mercy England has responded with the scaffold and the gallows, and yet today Ireland enthralled, but enslaved, crushed but not conquered, is in spirit a nation.

It has become evident after many years of earnest endeavor that a measure of independence from the English government by peaceful agitation that appeals to reason for justice are futile. It is left, therefore, for the men of the Irish race to proclaim again the truth needed by all peoples, that the liberties of a people and the independence of a nation cannot be achieved by debate, but must be won upon the field of battle, and we declare our belief that Ireland is entitled to a nation's independence, and we are driven into exile, or into the graves of our fathers in their native land by English misgovernment, are entitled by the laws of God and man to use every means in their power to drive from their country the tyrannical usurper, and we believe that Ireland has the right to make England's difficulty her opportunity and to use all possible means to create that difficulty.

In view of the fact that the members of this convention appeal with confidence to their American fellow citizens and all lovers of liberty to co-operate with them in aiding the people of Ireland in the achievement of the same measure of liberty enjoyed in these United States.

Distinct from the "declaration of principles," Chairman Ryan also submitted, on behalf of the resolutions committee, three separate resolutions, which were adopted.

Resolved, That we earnestly protest against the continued incarceration in English prisons of Irish patriots. That we consider it inhuman and against the policy of civilized nations to keep in prison men who have acted only in the interest of their country and human liberty; and that the release of these men is imperatively demanded, not only by the Irish people, but by civilization.

Resolved, That this convention, recognizing the importance to the Irish nation of preserving the language, literature and music of the people, commends the work now being done by the Gaelic League, and the National Literary society in Ireland, and by the Gaelic societies of this country, and earnestly trusts our people will give them hearty co-operation and generous support.

Resolved, That this convention recommends the formation of military companies wherever practicable, in order to foster and preserve the military spirit of the Irish race, and to be prepared for action in the hour of England's difficulty.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.
Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief from this is your remedy. Sold by Durbin, Wright & Co., druggists, Canton, Ohio.

NOTICE.
The News-Democrat office is open every Monday and Saturday morning until 9 o'clock for the benefit of those who cannot call during the day.

Send and sale cards at the News-Democrat office.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

IN IOWA LADY PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.

Suffered Twenty-Five Years From Dyspepsia and Stomach Trouble—Remarkable Manner in Which She Became Fully Cured.

[From Mich. Christian Advocate.]

Mrs. Sarah A. Skeels, an estimable lady residing at Jackson, Jasper Co., was for twenty-five years a sufferer from Dyspepsia, and her complete restoration to health is so remarkable that we present the facts in the case for the benefit of our readers, many of whom have doubtless suffered from the same manner and will, therefore be interested in learning how all stomach troubles may be avoided and cured. Mrs. Skeels says: I used only one package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and I received such great and unexpected benefits that I wish to express my sincere gratitude. In fact, it has been six months since I took the medicine, and I have not had one particle of distress or difficulty since. And all this in the face of the fact that the best doctors I consulted told me my case was incurable as I had suffered for twenty-five years. I want half a dozen packages to distribute among my friends here who are very anxious to try this remedy.

Truly yours,
Mrs. Sarah A. Skeels.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets make the complexion clear by keeping the blood pure.

They increase flesh by digesting flesh-forming foods.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the only remedy designed especially for the cure of stomach troubles and nothing else.

One disease, one remedy, the successful physician of today is the specialist, the successful medicine is the medicine prepared especially for one disease.

A whole family can be kept in one time would not hurt you, but would simply be a waste of good material.

Over six thousand men and women in the state of Michigan alone have been cured of indigestion and dyspepsia by the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per package, or by mail from Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

THE DISTRIBUTION.

As Made of the Mrs. Alice N. Chance Property to the Creditors.

Assignee Judge W. R. Day has filed and the court has accepted the report of the agreement reached by the creditors of Alice N. Chance.

Those holding claims against the Sun Vapor company get the West Tuscarawas street homestead, and all other real estate, also 100-573 of the mining stock and property.

Creditors holding Akron iron company paper receive \$17,000 par value of Autum-Miller Co. stock, and 41-573 of the mining property.

C. Autum-Miller & Co. creditors receive 114-573 of the mining property, and all other assets remaining in the hands of the assignee after taking out preferred claims, taxes, costs, etc.

DELEGATES ELECTED.
The following named persons have been elected delegates and alternates by the Canton W. C. T. U. to the state convention of that organization to be held at Lima, October 2-4. Delegates: Mesdames Cronk, Spangler, Walker, Meyers, Patton, Meredith, alternates: Mesdames Spangler, Lamm, Deibel, Edmonds, Hall and Miss Emma Banhof.

No Drugs to CHEW No Stems to SMOKE

PUREST AND BEST.

MAIL POUCH TOBACCO

No Nerves Quaking No Heart Palpitating No Dyspeptic Aching

ANTI-NERVOUS ANTI-DYSPEPTIC